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Bad Attitude

a lesbian sex magazine

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INSIDE: CENSORS . . . MOTHERS . . . DAUGHTERS . . .
THE G-SPOT—WHO NEEDS IT? . . . DYKES DRESS IN DRAG . . .
BUSINESSWOMAN DISCIPLINED!

My History with Censorship

By Joan Nestle
The following was first presented at the 16th National Conference on Women and the Law in New York City, March 21-24, 1985

My deep despair at the new antipornography movement and the censorial atmosphere that is fed by it is the legacy of my history. I came of age in a time that has marked me for life, the McCarthy period, the America of the 1950s. I entered the decade a lonely ten year old living with an aunt and uncle because my mother could no longer afford to keep me. By the end of the 50s and early 60s, I was a practicing lesbian, a member of CORE and SANE Nuclear Policy, a veteran of Freedom Rides and Woolworth picket lines, of voter registration drives and the march from Selma to Montgomery. I refused to take cover in air raid drills and was on file as a subversive on my college campus. I was a member of a group of students who fought the House UnAmerican Activities Committee, sitting in front of this Committee watching its tactics as we gave support to Paul Robeson, Jr. and Jo Ann Grant becasue they had travelled to China. I remember to this day the chair's words as we applauded every time an exhausted JoAnn Grant took the Fifth Amendment to protest the Committee's right to invade her privacy. He said, "You people"—gesturing to us—"are the scum of the earth." I remember, as we huddled in the corridor during a break, a member of the Committee steering his girlfriend away from us, even brushing her dress aside to make sure it did not touch me. I remember the 50s in tones and gestures, in cadences of accusation. I will never forget the words "are you now or have you ever been . . . ," nor the frightened or tired or courageous eyes of those who had to hear them. I watched JoAnn Grant sit solidly while a lawyer for HUAC waved a piece of paper over her head, shouting, "Did you ever attend a Pete Seeger concert?" She refused to answer. Any answer delivered her into the hands of those who had already condemned her.

I could go on and on about what it was like to get terrified students and teachers to sign petitions, what it was like to watch the hearings day after day on television, to watch Joseph McCarthy accuse, condemn and try his victims all at the same time—but not by law. He always said "We do not send anyone to prison. We are not a court of law," and yet, right before one's eyes and in one's neighborhoods, and over the radio, imagination and discussion were struck down.

Any dissension became a heroic act. If you spoke the wrong words or supported the wrong people, you were labeled UnAmerican. You were sent into national, and in many cases, private exile. I watched people in their 40s and 50s who had been labor organizers and social activists shrink from their children, withdraw into long, slow deaths. I heard the names read over the radio of those who were to be called before the Committee before the Committee even reached a town, long enough in advance for employers to fire the accused, long enough to give neighbors the time to ostracize the marked family, long enough to give the stigmatized individual time to take his or her own life. None of this was done by legal power. It was done by the power of orthodoxy, of one prevailing view of how to make the country safe. It was not trial in a court of law with a jury: it was conviction by innuendo, by association, by labeling.

This is my historical and emotional starting point on the issue of censorship. These were the years I learned about censorship, the overt kind and the more subtle kind, the years I learned about a mentality that reserves for itself the words that mean everything good and labels dissenters with any term that will send off the alarm. These were the years that I learned about anonymous telephone calls warning people about the undesirables among them, that I learned about visits to places of employment to make sure employers knew about who they had working for them. It was the time I learned about silence, enforced by the fear of losing whole communities, about words and pictures never born because difference was a curse.

But all along I had another world to sustain me, the deviant, criminalized world of butch fem lesbians in village bars. Here also my behavior was policed, here also I was part of a judged community. We were moral dangers. Here I learned that vice squads existed to keep obscenities like myself from polluting the rest of society. Here I learned how to take brutal insults to personal dignity and keep wanting and loving. Here I learned first what a community of women could do even when we were called

the scum of the earth.

I worked in the gay liberation movement and the lesbian liberation movement and then the women's movement for many years before I thought I could begin to explore the meaning of my own life, before in my own mind I was sure that we had won enough ground that I could raise some visions of resistance other than the prevailing ones in the 70s. In 1981 I wrote an article called "Butch-Fem Relationships: Sexual Courage in the Fifties" and published a short story called "Esther's Story." This year marked for me the second McCarthy period of my life. Only this time, many of the holders of truth were women. They called the organizers of conferences where I was speaking and told them I was a "sexual deviant," labeling me as a dangerous person who betrays the feminist cause. The place where I earn my living, Queens College, was visited by a member of Women Against Pornography, who saw it as her duty to warn a group of students and professors about me. "Don't you know she is a Lesbian? Don't you know she practices S & M? Don't you know she engages in unequal patriarchal power sex?" [Butch and fem is what was meant here, I think.] I was told this when I was called to the Women's Center on campus and asked by the group of women students gathered there whether the accusations were correct. Only those of you who remember the cadence of those McCarthy words—"Are you now or have you ever been"—can know the rage that grew in me at that moment. These young women, so earnest in their feminism, were so set up for this sad moment. "I cannot answer you," I said, "because to do so would bring back a world I have worked my whole life to see never come again."

After the Barnard Conference on Sexuality in 1982, when *off our backs* was doing its reporting, I received a late night call asking me if I had ever spoken out in favor of S & M relationships. That voice over the phone, my tiredness, the power on the other end, all brought back to me the cadences of the 50s. I have been told by a member of WAP that

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BAD ATTITUDE IS . . .

. . . ONE YEAR OLD! This, our fourth issue, marks our first year as a more or less quarterly publication about lesbian sex. We would like to thank all the people who wrote stories and articles, helped us do layout and distribution, contributed money and subscribed to the magazine.

Bad Attitude encourages submissions from all lesbians, about all varieties of sexual experiences. They can be stories, fantasies, true life adventures, essays, poems, news flashes, advice, interviews, how-tos, letters to the editor, photographs, drawings, cartoons . . . Please do not send your only copy of an article. It's easiest for us to deal with manuscripts that are typed and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photographers must obtain a signed release form from anyone they photograph.

Bad Attitude is edited by Amy Hoffman and Cindy Patton. We want to thank Janice Irvine, Sue Hyde, Laura, Lavender Ties, Veneita Porter and Christine Guilfoy for helping with proofreading, pasteup and distribution. This issue was designed by Cindy Patton and typeset by Amy Hoffman. South End Press was once again most generous in allowing us to use their typesetting equipment and layout space for a bargain basement rate.

Bad Attitude is supported by subscriptions and advertising revenue. This income does not cover our costs and we greatly appreciate the generosity of the people who contribute money to **Bad Attitude.** It is only because of these contributions that we are able to continue to publish. All the work of editing, writing and producing **Bad Attitude** is done by volunteers.

We call our magazine **Bad Attitude** because that's what women who take control of our own sexuality are told that we have.

—Amy Hoffman, Cindy Patton
June, 1985

Cover photo © 1985, Susan Fleischmann

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if I write about butch fem relationships in the past I am okay, but if I am writing about them now in any positive way I am on the "enemy list." The labels chosen for me this time around are "reactionary," "heteroseuxally-identified lesbian," "believer in patriarchal sex."

In the same year, 1981, I had another searing encounter with censorship that reminded me of some of the worst pain of the past. One of the most terrible things about the atmosphere of the McCarthy period was that friends or supporters could be severely punished for associating with a known subversive. In 1981 Susan Cavin of *Big Apple Dyke News* accepted my short story about a one night stand with a passing woman for publication. On a May afternoon she called to tell me that the story had been called "pornographic" by a woman typesetter. The choice Susan had was to drop my story and keep their press, or to drop the press and keep me. I heard her voice telling me her predicament and it all came back. *BAD* did not and does not have many resources to fall back on. My vision had gotten them into trouble. The paper was being punished for association with my ideas. Susan held the line and found a press in New York who did not care what the words in the articles said.

I now had a sense of what I faced—the lesbian-feminist antiporn movement on one side, and the homophobia of straight people on the other.

Recently, I and other writers lost another piece of ground. I and Amy Hoffman were asked to submit poetry to the *Women's Review of Books*, which is funded by Wellesley College. Both of us—she formally, me through a personal letter from a dissenting editor—were told that because our poetry was sexually explicit, the *Review* could not risk publishing it without endangering its funding from the college. Now, we have censorship coming from yet another direction: women's institutions that have some power but are afraid of losing it.

Another way censorship works in our community, and it is very effective, is through the closing of bookstore doors to the works of stigmatized writers or publications judged offensive by feminist standards even when they are the creations of other feminists. For instance, two journals I write for, *Bad Attitude* and *On Our Backs*, have not been allowed into many women's bookstores around this country and in Canada because the contents were found to be "prosadomasochistic, antifeminist, anti-woman, anti-semitic and racist." Now, as you all know, these are words that call for exile from our comunity. There is no argument possible when this code is used. As a Jewish woman I find it even more ironic that gentiles are in such a hurry to protect me from

myself. The territory I am allowed has shrunk even more. Once you close the bookstores to a writer who has chosen to write for her community publications, you make the creation of an audience almost impossible.

Sadly, as a community, we have been inventive in discovering ways to control ideas. The refusal to allow someone to speak on a panel because she represents a certain point of view, the spreading of rumors about someone's sexual practices, the refusal of meeting spaces to those who embarrass us, or the little white cards that popped up for a while in feminist bookstores, warning the potential reader of what to expect from a book, to protect the customers' sensibilities.

Some proposed antipornography laws could be used to silence most of my erotic writings if my words are interpreted to mean subordination. The latest accusation of pornography came my way last month. Now it is not my words but a photograph of a part of my body and a dildo and a lover's hand that has been called unacceptable. Here it is—a 45 year old lesbian's vagina being touched and opened by her lover's hand to insert a latex dildo. This photo is one of a series of Deb and I making love that appeared in *On Our Backs*. In last month's issue of *off our backs* this photo, and the magazine, were called pornographic. If the ordinances that are being proposed were now in power, other lesbians could get this journal banned from the stands, and this photograph would never be seen. But, you see, this image is what my life has been about. This image is what the police tried to bash out of me. This image is what I was always told to keep secret. This image puts me and my body beyond the pale. Friends, I am a very small writer. I have published no books. My writing is kept alive by the gay and lesbian media, such as *Common Lives/Lesbian Lives, The Body Politic, Gay Community News, Bad Attitude, Big Apple Dyke News, Thirteenth Moon* and *Sinister Wisdom* when I am lucky. If you as a community lose my voice, lose the taste of another time that I want to give you, no worlds will end. But think of what is happening. Think of the times and the traditional relationship between the state and sexual minorities. Think of the tools of repression some are helping to put in place. The antipornography movement is helping to recreate a new McCarthy period in the lesbian community. Some lesbians are more acceptable than others: leather and butch and fem lesbians, transsexuals, lesbian prostitutes and sex workers, writers of explicit sexual stories. Little by little we are being rounded up. First we are distanced and told we are not feminists—even though many of us have spent years building the movement. Then we are told we are patriarchal, that we are the voices of submission and dominance, that we are heterosexual lesbians. The doors close to us. Then, in a Reagan America, in a Jerry Falwell America, in a family-god-nation America, there will be nothing between us and the government the antiporn movement is helping to empower. Some lesbian feminists will help turn us in and feel that they have made the world safer for women by doing so. But all I have are my words and my body, and I will use them to say and picture the truths that I know. I have been homeless before and I can be homeless again, but I almost think I have lived too long when I see lesbians become members of the new vice squads.

Photo © 1985 by Morgan Gwenwald

Outlaw

By Peggy Morgan

"To live outside the law, one must be honest." I don't remember who said it—but I remember scribbling it all over my notebooks, bathroom walls and diaries when I was in high school.

The image of "outlaw" has stuck with me. Now, ten years later, it's more than just a neat quote. Twisted a bit, it brings home an inevitable truth: to be *honest* with yourself is to live outside the laws of acceptability.

Oh, there are labels with "outsider" connotations that fit me: "lesbian," "stripper," "prostitute"—but they are hardly the substance of my outlaw status. Sure, living those labels has put me beyond the pale in terms of social laws. But they were mere vessels that contained far more subtle lessons in what it means to follow my own mind, to know and own my own body, and to refuse to settle for the limited cultural caricatures that are supposed to describe what it's like to be a woman.

There are memories:

I am sitting in the dressing room of the strip joint where I used to work. Six or seven dancers are crowded around the mirror, discussing douches: the merits of this or that brand, when and how often they douche—after their periods, after sex, before a big date.

As I apply my lipstick, I catch the faint scent of my own cunt on my fingers. I think about masturbating that morning. "Jerking off," it's called. Supposed to be inferior to the "real thing"—perhaps just a tension release when you "can't get it." But what's the "real thing"? Orgasms made by and *for* someone else, as if they were a gift reluctantly given, or proof of another's prowess as a lover? What about pure delight in knowing your own body, delighting in its sensations, tastes, smells? Must it be *for* someone else in order to rate? Must your body be "cleaned up" with chemicals before it's acceptable?

Words come to mind: *insatiable, devouring, out-of-control.* They seem familiar; there's a connection to some other memory.

I remember being on stage, dancing to the last song in my set. A customer screams:

"Hey Big Mama! Hey Fatsooo!"

It's hard to hear that, naked and vulnerable on stage, above everyone else. I rationalize: *He's drunk; I'm only here for the money.* Old ghosts from my past rise up despite my defenses. I feel self-conscious, defenseless, ugly.

"Hey, who let this fat chick in here?" he yells.

This time, I'm ready to fight. Not so much an obnoxious drunk as those old ghosts. I lean over, whisper to the bartender, who hands me a handful of ice cubes, then dance down the stage until I am standing in front of the drunk and whip ice cubes, one by one, into his face.

When I finish dancing, I am quiet, but my rage is obvious. Another dancer follows me backstage and confides that this customer had also made fun of her stretchmarks.

Of course! Fat women and mothers don't fit the airbrushed fantasy. He wants slim women's bodies that resemble those of teenaged boys: his masculinity approved and reflected back at him in the body of an "inferior" woman, someone he can have an illusion of having power over.

I think I can dismiss him as just another stupid prick. Who cares what men think or want, so long as I get paid? It's women's opinions that matter.

But then I remember: a slow day at work, the dancers huddled together at one end of the empty bar while I'm on stage. One woman's voice carries above the music:

"If I looked like *that*, I'd *never* display it in public."

I look over at her, sitting stiffly on her barstool, her face tense and hard. What is it about my body that is such an irritation to her?

I'm a reminder to her of her effort: how strenuously she must diet, how often she must shave, how carefully she must apply her makeup to fashionably contour her face. This is serious business to her: not the *game*, the business of prostitution, but the business of being a "real woman" in this society: shaping her body to fit the standards.

There is as much of a hierarchy in the Combat Zone as outside: we're really *not* "all in this together." Some gain self-esteem by comparing themselves to "lower" characters: the junkie street hooker, or me, the fat dyke stripper. I hate being used as someone's example of degeneracy, even if I find her standards absurd, and flinch at the way we're thus divided against each other.

But then, I thought, I always had my life outside the Zone. After all, lesbians are so much better. They don't have these artificial standards. The dykes I know can play with makeup or shaving as camp; they don't take all that seriously as a measure of a woman's worth. And of course, lesbians don't have the same standards when it comes to weight: it's politically correct, after all, to accept women who are heavier.

What a nice fantasy to flee into. Too bad it's just a fantasy. I believed it and wanted to believe it, but a few subtle experiences set me straight:

I remember coming home from work one evening and running into my roommate. I was surprised to find her home so early.

"Back already? I thought you were going out drinking tonight."

"Well, I forgot about Monday nights. Not a good night at the bar."

"What's wrong with Monday nights?"

"It's chub night. I'm not into it."

"*Chub* night?"

"Well . . . " She hesitated, explaining, "the women at the bar all look like they just got out of an *Overeaters Anonymous* meeting. . . ."

There was an awkward silence, while I tried to digest this. "Overeaters"? "Chub night"? Of course. Chub, chubby, fat: women are fat supposedly because we *eat* too much. Forget the evidence that most bingers and bizarre eaters are "normal" sized women with an obsession for food and weight control. Fat women are fat and unappealing because we're *insatiable, devouring,* have *no self control.* While my roommate's assessment of the women at the bar wasn't an insult directed at me like those at work, I was nevertheless included. A bar full of fat women wasn't worth staying at. Fat women, *chubs*, not anyone worth talking to, certainly not anyone you'd want in your bed that night.

Then I remember an argument with my lover before we broke up:

"Peggy, I'm sorry. I'm just not *turned on* by you any more."

"But *why*? A couple of months ago you couldn't keep your hands off me!"

"It was a novelty to be with a Big Woman. The novelty wore off. I'm sorry, I'm just not into Big Women."

This coming from someone who loved me: as a fat woman I am merely a freak, a kinky toy that can be played with and put into a box when you get bored with it. Fat as fetish. Too bad if it hurts, fat women aren't *real*, complete, sexual people anyhow.

I wondered about my customers: my loyal regulars who defended the beauty in my size. Was I a freak to them too? I couldn't forget the "confession" of one of my favorites, a man whose company I enjoyed, who seemed more like a friend than a trick:

"I like my wife and girlfriends to be slim. But I really like to *fuck* a fat chick."

Finally, there is another memory. I'm jogging along the Esplanade, halfway through my daily five mile run. A gaunt boy approaches, smiling. I'm ready to exchange "hello's" with him as most joggers along the Charles do as a matter of course. But as he passes me, he mutters, not "How ya doing," but "Wobble, wobble." It takes me a few seconds to understand what he means: *displaying* that *in public; the novelty of a Big Woman; chub; fat chick; fuck fetish; insatiable, devouring, out of control.* I stop, bend to pick a stone out of the grass, but when I turn to throw it he's gone.

Suddenly, I realize why I've endured those insults, wisecracks and bizarre attitudes about heavy women. I don't douche away my natural smells. I don't have to "put my face on" before I leave the house in the morning. I don't shave away all traces of "unfeminine" hair growing on my body. I am unchaste, defiled, a whore. No modesty, I take off my clothes in public before an audience of leering men. The flak I get is all a result of my honesty with myself, and most bothersome to others is that I neither diet nor pay lip-service to the slenderness farce, but use my body as I please, whether to make a living, to experience its sensations or to be athletic.

This is my body: a good, fat, female body. I know it and enjoy knowing it, as it is, despite resistance from all sides. I do not apologize for how I use it, or for its socially unacceptable form. I am unrepentantly fat, physical and sexual. I am an outlaw.

Wild Women Don't Worry

By Olga Broumas

The mother tongue is laugh not language
Breathing sucking eating
Pagans do a talk
One of continuous resolution if attention

The high-cheeked smile
Penetration as soul
Laid out down figure
The chest and the altar of

Mama Thornton up there
Reeds
Vocal cords over heart
The wisdom of the heart

Yes if we all had bananas
The whole year round
Becomes another zoo
Rare nipples

Blue Nile meet White Nile this is Sudan
The moon with its ass to the sun
Amazed enchanted furious true
Fuck you

Mother whatever frees you

DRAG KING

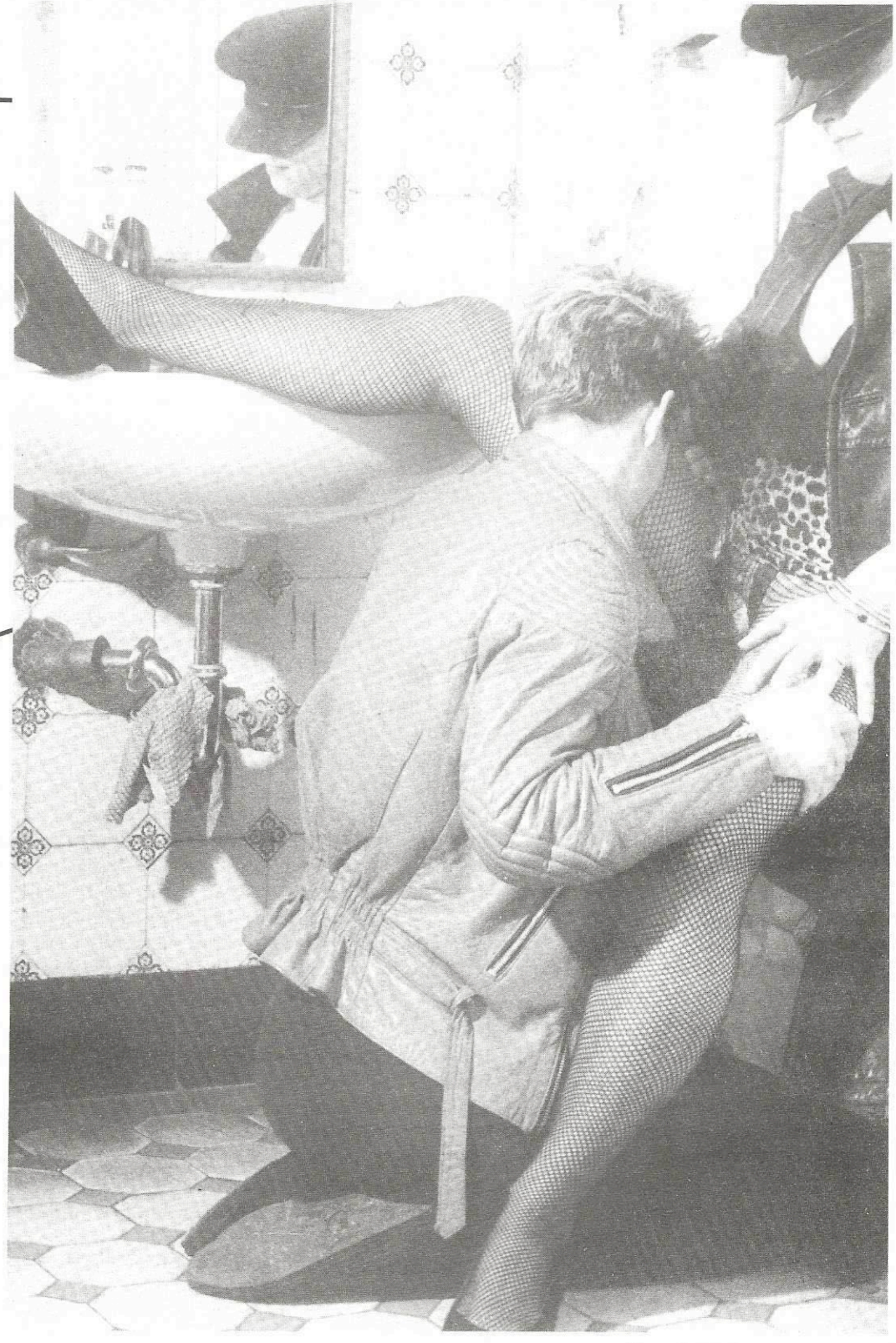

Photo © 1985 by Krista Beinstein

By Ramone

I've been mistaken for a boy since I was 14 years old—my body type is a lean, angular, athletic 5 feet, 6 inches. When I started riding motorcycles, I enjoyed the discovery that women would cruise me, checking out my ass. Even when I took off my helmet it wasn't clear what sex I was, with wavy brown hair (longish for a guy, but convincing) and tinted aviator shades. I'm built like a small guy and not until I speak does anyone realize I'm a woman! It used to be a traumatic event, being mistaken for a boy back in junior high school . . . but now I play with the genderfuck and occasionally go out in drag. I use the name Ramone.

Nineteen eighty one found me working free-lance graphics in the Boston/southern New Hamp-

shire area, and looking for a full time job for four discouraging months. The night of my drag debut, I was bummed out at a recent job rejection and wondered if I was the prototype of a pervert: unsuccessful in real life and frustrated. I had planned to go out this night all along anyway, with my good friend and lover at the time, Peggy Morgan, who worked in the Combat Zone. Peggy was thrilled to take me around to several bars as her "boyfriend" from Nashua, New Hampshire.

Peggy' costume was pure sleaze, show and fun—cheap gaudy jewelry, heavy makeup and a bizarre hairstyle. For me, I wore a tailored shirt, black necktie, fashionable white pants, boy's red underwear, even. Wingtipped shoes, a size 42 men's black leather motorcycle jacket (I swam in it, but kept it unzipped), my dark shades. I topped it off with a grey Stetson. I applied a genuine hair moustache and kept my black leather biking gloves on to disguise my little paws. We agreed I'd keep my mouth shut: I had "laryngitis." For a finale we stuffed a sock in my crotch and Peggy arranged it aesthetically. Wow! I looked like one cute, hot little leather faggot. We even went so far as to crayon over my New Hampshire driver's license to block out the "F" for "sex" in case the bouncers wanted an ID. "My kid scribbles over everything!" would be Peggy's line.

My first trip to Boston's rowdy, dirty, and fascinating Combat Zone was memorable. Peggy ordered drinks and introduced me as "Ramone, from Nashua" to all her bartender friends and the exotic dancers. I smiled, shook hands, nodded cooly, and downed $3.00 beers while Peggy and her Zone friends talked shop. Women on the stage were grinding out their floorshows and routines to blasting generic disco. I started sweating it out, wondering if the weirdo guys in the audience would figure me out. First lesson: straight men wouldn't know a woman in drag even if she flashed them. They glanced at me, decided I was just another little faggot, looked bored, and glued their attention back to the exotic, erotic gyrations on the stage. Later I heard that Peggy's dancer friends thought I was pretty cute.

I really got nervous after I drank several beers and had to piss. Jesus! What to do? We hadn't thought this out. After much prodding from Peggy, I rolled my eyes, took a deep breath and sauntered into the men's room of the Naked I Cabaret. I hadn't made a career out of visiting men's rooms, but figured I might as well start somewhere. Two burnouts were enjoying toking it up by the urinal, and moved over as I walked in, my shoes sticking to the floor. I wiped my nose to cover my lower face. Christ! Wish I could whip out a dick, piss, and split! I thought I was close to death. I shuffled into the one stall like I was going to take a crap. Luckily it even had a *door*. I hoped those guys were so burnt out they wouldn't notice which way my feet were facing as I took a leak.

My voyage out of the men's room was convincing enough, although a big construction-type guy stared at my radical Stetson hat. Probably thought was just another really strange guy. Bet he never imagined I was a really a woman and a dyke!

Next, off we headed for an avant-garde theater party in a South End Loft. Peggy was driving my car, as I felt paranoid about getting into an accident dressed as I was. We entered a comfortable gay world three flights up. The women mostly ignored me (except for a few of Peggy's giggling friends) but the gay boys pounced on Peggy the minute I walked away. "Who's that guy?" "What are you doing later?" Peggy explained I was her lover, in drag. They were crushed. By then, I couldn't keep my mouth shut any longer, and I surprised even a few women who had previously ignored me. I rather liked being Ramone so far, except for the vow of silence and having to use the grungy men's rest room.

Our night out was so successful, we did several repeat performances—each one an adventure. I was becoming a more refined Ramone with time and practice. I have to add that meanwhile I landed a cushy, well-paying graphics job in a Boston suburb, proving that you can be into drag even with success and a comfortable lifestyle. I had perceived it as something for losers and sickos—until I discovered how exciting pulling it off could be!

At a Massachusetts College of Art party, Peggy once again introduced me to several male friends and teachers I'd known in school. They gravely shook my gloved hand, believing I was a guy. "Boy, he's a mean looking son of a bitch," one had mumbled. This was smugly transmitted to me later on that evening. One woman kept winking at me and saying, "Hey, I know that guy!"

Halloween night found Ramone standing at Blanchard's Liquors in Allston deciding what beer was on sale. Three college boys stared at me. *Shit! They must know.* One pointed at me.

"I bet that's a fake moustache!"

Maybe it was hanging off.

"Yeah, you know, it's rough matching up your hair color just right," I confided.

Their eyes got big.

"It's a *girl!*"

I smiled and they moved away.

It just goes to show: men don't even know their own kind. Women usually figure it out in a few seconds.

Unless you go to the Marquee.

The dyke bouncer informed me, "This is a *woman's* bar!"

I nodded submissively and Peggy whisked me inside. The same woman carpenter who had cruised

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A Birthday at Brent's

By Cindy Patton

Photo © 1985 by Krista Beinstein

I go to Brent's Restaurant every year on my birthday, a quiet evening out by myself. It is in a beautiful old farm house in southern Vermont, one of two gay-owned establishments in the area. The walls are sanded down to the natural wood, and in the back, the second floor has been removed, so diners on the lower level get a cathedral view of the woods through the skylight. This leaves a second floor balcony dining area, with living quarters in the back for Betty, the owner, and her two kids.

I've had sex with Betty right there in those second floor rooms, a wall away from happy diners. Betty is 45 and doesn't take guff from anyone. She "showed me the ropes" when I first expressed an interest in kinky sex. Since then, I always take the same table on the second floor, and not for the spectacular view.

Betty smiles, and seats me at my table. She looks hot, as always, and I have the feeling that she will offer me a dessert that doesn't appear on the menu. Without a word, she winks and my waitress appears.

This one is new since my last visit. Tall, lanky, early twenties, too much suntan for Vermont in the winter. She must be a resort-hopper, working Key West, then Vermont, Provincetown, Hilton Head.

"Can I get you anything to drink before dinner?" she says in a Lauren Bacall voice.

I look straight up into her eyes and notice she is quite beautiful. She doesn't seem to think I look so bad either, because after a few seconds she blushes and clears her throat.

Definitely a new one. She doesn't know about the Guest Table. Or perhaps she does.

"Just a burgundy, thanks."

She turns to go down the stairs to the bar. As she spins around I notice that she is wearing tight black leather pants, a little extravagant for a sleepy ski town, but hey, whatever makes your job bearable.

Quickly, my burgundy returns, complete with the tall brown-eyed beauty. She stands and waits for my order.

I take her in, from the black boxer sneakers to the mohawk haircut. Well, it is as close to a mohawk as you can get and still work in a chic gay restaurant. Where does Betty dig them up?

"Your order?" she prods gently. "You did want dinner?"

Well actually, it was the dessert I was most interested in, but I figure I shouldn't bring that up in front of the help. I order my usual.

Dinner is excellent, punctuated by the appearance of my waitress, hovering over me and attending to my every need, unabashedly displaying her muscled torso when clearing stacks of dishes from other tables. She moves with amazing elegance and style. And she is very strong.

With my check comes a key and a little note, which I have come to expect.

"Meet me in the back room"

Just as the waitress drops off my check, Betty appears.

"Oh, Cecile, I don't think you've met Diane, she's back from college for a few months."

It takes me a minute to register that this is *Diane*, Betty's daughter Diane. I'm terribly embarrassed.

"Pleased to meet you," I say awkwardly, hoping she hasn't noticed me staring at her ass all night, hoping that the sexy flirtation was only in my mind. Betty's daughter. *Shit!*

I pay my bill, but instead of exiting down the stairs, I unlock the door next to the bathroom.

I walk in and there she is, rifling through the drawer under the platform bed. Her back looks strong and competent, the black leather chaps complimenting the slate and charcoal greys of the decor. In the drawer are handcuffs, hospital wrist restraints, bandanas, velcro straps, studded leather bands, rope. Implements of bondage to fit any taste. I walk over and put my hand on Betty's ass. She stands up and turns slowly.

"*Diane!*

"Hi, Cecile. Mom's busy, so I thought I'd come up for a while."

"Does your mother know you're up here?"

"Does *yours*?"

I have to admit she has a point. And she is incredibly sexy.

"How do you use these things?" she says, pulling out the handcuffs.

I go through my usual novice demonstration, popping them against my wrist so the rotating bar swings smartly around and the ratcheting sound sings out.

"Just like that," I say in a bored tone.

She grabs me by the shirt collar and throws me face first on the bed, handily wrenching both hands behind my back and completing the demonstration.

Cute, but young.

As I try to raise my head to get her to stop, I notice that her knee in my crotch has produced a squishy sensation that I know means I'm liking this. She runs her hand up my spine, and I feel an electric pulse run down to my cunt in the opposite direction.

"I want to show you a few things my mother may have forgotten," she says, her mouth close to my ear, her warm, excited breath coming in short gasps.

She rolls me over and crawls over my face. She un-velcros the black leather briefs she has been wearing under her chaps.

"Here's your dessert, Table Six. I hope you like it."

Tentatively, I slip my tongue into her cunt. She smooths back the hair from her juicy, swollen clit, and I dive in for it. Lifting my head the inch or two it takes to reach her is a great strain. I lick along each labia and then hike myself a little higher to get my tongue into her vagina. She moans deep in her throat and begins bouncing and rocking slightly to get me back on her clit. I wish I had a hand free to slide into her while I suck and tease her clit. I get wetter at a fantasy of having two tongues. Diane clenches her teeth and sucks her breath in short, saliva gurgling gasps. I run my tongue along the small little point of skin next to the outer labia and nibble lightly with my teeth.

She starts pushing her cunt lower into my face, forcing me down onto the bed. More comfortable for my neck but harder to breathe. Panic seizes me for a moment: all I can get is humid, cunty air. But her low, rumbling moan snaps my attention back. She rocks slower and starts to come. I slow down my sucking and she screams. She comes, and comes again. She begins to pull away, but I stay with her. She keeps coming.

SLAP! SLAP!

With each blow, Diane screams louder, eyes wide with the delirium of orgasm and the sharp physical sensation. And with the realization that Betty has come in.

Betty is red in face face with fury.

"What do you think you are doing with my daughter?"

I panic and try to sit up, snapped back by the pain of the handcuffs cutting into my wrists.

"I . . . I . . ."

Betty starts slapping me and I try to get away. But she is much stronger. She pushes me back down on the bed and rips my shirt down the front. I roll over and she catches the back of my pants, ripping them down so half my ass and cunt are hanging out.

"And look at *you*," she says. "Look at that cunt . . . it's huge and dripping."

I will it smaller and dry, but all of this thrashing is only making me wetter. I flip onto my back to be less exposed.

"Well, if you want to eat cunt so much, eat mine," she screams.

She is wearing the chaps she always wears with me. I start to cry and want to run. But she holds me down and mounts my face. I lick and suck between sobs and choke on my remorseful tears. She calms and begins rocking a little. She is incredibly wet for an irate mother. I feel her clit getting bigger, and I get more excited myself. I hear a small giggle from the floor and feel a hand sliding off what is left of my pants.

I look up at Betty, but she is gritting her teeth and looking up at the ceiling. She rocks harder and makes little throat noises. I feel a mouth on my soggy clit and I spread my legs a little wider and tilt my hips up. As I adjust my weight to make the cuffs stop hurting, I feel a greasy finger moving into my ass. I want to tell her to stay out of this, but Betty is about

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Double Fantasy

#1

By Veneita Porter

It was my usual time to go to work: 5:30 in the morning. Two years ago I made this decision to be dedicated to my work, figuring that it would keep me out of trouble. It never did feel right even after all that time. To top if off, I'd had a perfectly rotten night. My next door neighbor had a messy fight, you know, the type that could win a person an Oscar if he played his cards right. Unfortunately, I'd been the only audience. Some rather hefty breakables had been slung about and voices had reached a penetrating pitch. Very Bette Davis those boys were. I'm not a fan of that lady. The fight ended the same as always, with Ron telling his latest lover to get down on his knees and perform the only possible apology. I am never sure which is more disturbing: the breaking of glass or the swearing and moaning that follows. I'd taken great care to weed the random lust out of my own life, and these interruptions only reminded me of what I was missing. Needless to say, I didn't get much sleep.

So, standing on the train platform next morning I was not in the best of shape. This morning the station was almost empty. Just a few bums huddled spoon-fashion on the farthest bench. One rested his hand over the hip of his buddy, who was snoring away in a port-wine slumber.

I reached inside my jacket to pull my pants away from my crotch. It was then that I noticed her. Across the platform stood a woman who seemed about my height, maybe a little taller, with short, dark brown hair and punk sunglasses. She was wearing a raincoat which hung open to reveal a blue dress of some sort of clinging material. I could almost see the outline of her nipples, or perhaps it was just a turn-on to think so. Her olive-skinned features were large and full. Her lips hung slightly apart, and as I watched she slowly ran her tongue over first the bottom one and then the top. Then she raised her hand and ran it through her hair, pulling it slightly. She opened her purse and removed a compact, and began to trace the outline of her lips, delicately smudging the lines at the corners of her mouth. I was having a little difficulty breathing and there was a distinctive twitch in my lower regions. I watched her put the makeup back into her purse and slide the purse onto

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#2

Mondays. They are short versions of hell. I work for this all-boy advertising firm, and Mondays are meeting days. Sitting around with so many pinstripes is hard on the eyes. Fortunately I just do the drawings and after listening to their "sugggestions" I retire to my office and do exactly what I please.

In the morning I lie awake waiting for the phone to ring. It will be my answering service wishing me a pleasant day and giving me my messages. Today the woman's voice is low and for a while I think of what she must sound like when turned on. I slide the palm of my hand down and feel the heat. I really must get dressed. This morning I want as little on a possible next to my skin, something very light and shear. It will be a long day and one must have some small distraction. The blue silk, slinky, but respectable. Lately I can barely keep up the pretense.

Once in a while you see someone who totally captures your attention. In that whole dreary station, she is the only spark. She seems surreal, like there was heat rising from her. She paces the platform like some large cat, restless and slightly off beat. Even from the other side of the rails I could never have missed her. I like watching people before they realize that they are being observed. She looks tired. The skin just under her eyes is a shade darker than the rest of her brown face. She bites the corner of her lower lip . . . oh, what I could do with those lips. The pinkness drawing back and forth against those white teeth. It is a good thing that I am wearing my sunglasses. She can't know that I am staring at her, but she is turning toward me. My nipples are so hard that they begin to hurt. Good, but the tightness in my throat makes me feel dizzy and not a little confused. What if she's straight? I must look a mess. I try to fix my face. The lipstick shakes in my hand. I'm smudging the lines of my mouth. I can feel her eyes on me—they make me want to touch myself, to remind myself, to let her know. I cannot help myself, my hand starts to wander to my breast, yes, she's still watching. She is stock-still, planted and transfixed. There is a sucking of air inside the tunnel. The train separates us and I must go before I become totally careless and frighten her. As the train pulls away I see my dark lover looking for me through the windows. Yes, I will be back.

I'm sitting on the edge of my seat in my office waiting for the room to clear. All the noise, the chatter of people, cannot erase her from my mind. Over and over again I run the details through my mind. The short jacket fitting snugly against her hips. The wide curve of her skirt falling against the black leather of her boots. I imagine my hands running along the outer edge of her boots, feeling the firmness of the line of her thigh, running all the way up to the hip. My hands tremble thinking about

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IN SEARCH OF THE G-SPOT

By Janice Irvine

Several years ago at a party, a woman who had just learned that I was writing about sexology boomed at me from across the dinner table, "So, do you believe in the G-Spot?" Like many people when immersed in a large research project, I was viewing everything through the lens of my own particular agenda, and at the time I was analyzing the development of ideas and the ideological underpinnings within the profession of sexology. Female orgasm—the elusive butterfly of sexology—has been the object of intense, fetishistic research which seeks to "operationally define" orgasm with terms like vaginal,clitoral, uterine, vulval, blended, deep or superficial (the only omitted adjective seems to be "faked"). The G-Spot was just the newest kid on the block. So, although I had listened to the panels, read the books and even seen the movie (a silent black and white that stars an ejaculating vagina), I hadn't thought about this phenomenon in a more personal sense—did I or my lovers have G-Spots?

My resistance to the G-Spot stems in part from my admitted disdain for sexologists—the scientific sex experts who currently provide most of our empirical information about sex. Lest I come across as a Luddite about sexual information, I should emphasize that I don't oppose sex research and the accrual of empirical data on sex. But I have strong reservations about the context in which information is presented to women, and I believe that most often, scientific sex experts are not to be trusted in this respect. Information can be empowering and liberating, or it can be used to channel our behavior and set up new cultural imperatives. My belief is that the profession of sexology typically functions to define women's sexuality in ways that uphold heterosexuality, marriage and the family. Consequently, my first response to the G-Spot research was that the last thing women needed was one more way in which to feel sexually inadequate.

I was not alone in my skepticism about the G-Spot. The ranks were split even within sexology, which is a field that is more an amalgam of philosophies and methods than a unified, monolithic profession. In fact, it turned out that, on closer inspection, the G-Spot represented something for almost everyone to distrust.

For sexologists, the clitoral orgasm has been the reigning paradigm for female sexuality for decades. The concept was initially posited by both Kinsey and Albert Ellis in the 1950s, and firmly consolidated by Masters and Johnson in the 60s. Ironically, these researchers were departing from the traditional tenet of psychoanalysts and Freudians, who believed in the greater maturity of the vaginal orgasm. Establishing "the myth of the vaginal orgasm" was one of the volatile issues which delineated psychiatry and sexology in the mid-1900s. In the 50s, then, proponents of the clitoral orgasm were the upstarts who effected the toppling of the Freudian paradigm of clitoral-vaginal transfer. The clitoral model was quickly embraced by sexology. Much of contemporary sex research, education and therapy has been predicated on it.

There are several reasons for the early triumph of the clitoral orgasm paradigm. Paradigm shifts are facilitated by two factors: the needs and tensions within the discipline combined with the ideological needs of the culture. In the 1950s and 60s, both of these functioned to the advantage of establishing a model of female orgasm that centered on clitoral stimulation.

The vaginal orgasm paradigm would have been ideal to support patriarchal conceptions of sex. If women came most quickly and happily through vaginal stimulation, then heterosexual intercourse could maintain its privileged status as the ultimate sex act. The increasing amount of data from sex research, and the growing public dialogue about sexuality, however, both indicated that this ideal was largely a myth. Many women were *not* having orgasms and were dissatisfied with sex. Since women's right to sexual satisfaction was achieving legitimacy (or, more accurately, was on its way to becoming a mandate), women who were unhappy with sex were a threat to the institution of marriage. With this looming social crisis, it was no longer viable for sexologists to attempt to perpetuate an ideological paradigm that was hollow. It was more important to them that women begin to enjoy sex.

In addition, the women's movement provided a major impetus for the adoption of the clitoral paradigm. This model was more compatible with early political analyses of feminism, which were

exposing and criticizing male dominance in sex as well as in society at large. One of the earliest and most notorious examples was Anne Koedt's article, "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm."[1] Published in 1971, Koedt used the physiological research of Masters and Johnson as a springboard for a feminist analysis of traditional notions of sexuality. She detailed the reasons why men, and by extension, male experts, have a vested interest in maintaining women's sexual emphasis in the vagina rather than the clitoris. She concluded by stating, "The recognition of clitoral orgasm as fact would threaten the heterosexual *institution*. For it would indicate that sexual pleasure was obtainable from either men or women, thus making heterosexuality not an absolute, but an option [emphasis in original]." Critiques of sexism and heterosexism, then, both emerged from, and facilitated the establishment of the paradigm of clitoral orgasm. It was a model which abetted women's autonomy.

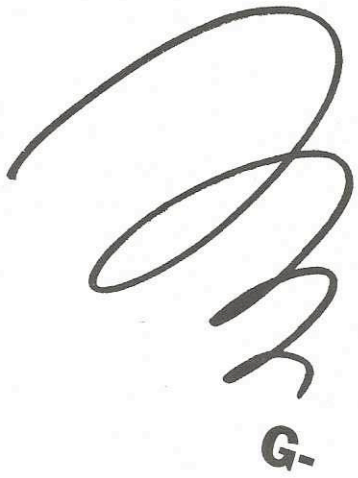
There were factors within the profession of sexology itself which led to the adoption of this model: the cultural imperatives of the field, its need to establish legitimacy, and its research methodology. The status of sex research, particularly physiological research, was tenuous in the 1950s and 60s. Kinsey so obscured the details of his physiological work that most people still believe that Masters and Johnson were the first to pioneer observation of sex acts in the laboratory. Sexology needed to establish its legitimacy as a profession quickly, and it did this by attempting to rescue marriage, the family and heterosexuality. The most direct route to this goal was to learn how women could have better sex and teach them how to do it. Both Kinsey and Masters and Johnson had determined that the clitoris seemed to be the locus of most intense sexual pleasure, and that most women could masturbate quickly to orgasm by focusing on the clitoris. Shifting the sexual emphasis to the clitoris became a strategy for salvaging heterosexual relations. Sex therapy techniques which focused on the clitoris were more amenable to short-term therapy, which was another hallmark of sexology. The slide from status of heterosexual intercourse could then be justified on the basis of scientific fact and physiological necessity, instead of being understood as a criticism of power issues between men and women or of the ineptitude of male lovers.

Methodologically, the emphasis on the clitoris made sense because it was more empirically accessible. It could be seen, measured and otherwise quantified more easily than the inner vagina. In the Masters and Johnson bias to establish the similarities between women and men, it fit neatly as the homologue to the penis, and thus contributed to their ideology.

Finally, the demographics of Masters and Johnson's subject population may have facilitated their focus on clitoral orgasms. Kinsey's research had established that there were significant class differences in sexual styles. Working class heterosexuals, he said, tended to proceed quickly to intercourse, while middle and upper class heterosexuals had more "foreplay": breast and clitoral stimulation. Since Masters and Johnson's population was almost exclusively middle and upper class, it was a group that already had a clitoral emphasis. As the clinical part of the profession began to develop, it made sense for sexologists to focus on the mores of the group in which they would be most successful in establishing a market for their services. For approximately 25 years, then, the research and treatment practices of sexology have revolved around an ideological paradigm which posits the clitoris as the focus of female sexual pleasure and orgasm.

In the early 1980s, this assumption was challenged by the publication of data by two researchers who posited a return to the concept of a vaginal orgasm. Psychologist John Perry and registered nurse Beverly Whipple made two major claims: first, the existence of a small spot on the anterior wall of the vagina which, when stimulated, expands and brings intense sexual pleasure to the woman. They said that the orgasm that occurred through this type of stimulation was a different type than the vaginal-uterine "tenting effect" described by Masters and Johnson. They described the physiological appearance of the vagina and uterus as resembling an "A-frame" instead. They named this vaginal area the Grafenberg Spot, in honor of Ernst Grafenberg, a sex researcher who described the spot in the 1950s. Secondly, Whipple and Perry claimed that there was a relationship between this type of orgasm and female ejaculation. Sexologists had denied the existence of female ejaculation for decades. Masters and Johnson had concluded emphatically that it was not possible. Yet Whipple and Perry claimed that 10-40% of women in the U.S. ejaculate (the percentage in California, they noted, is 79%), and that it is as a result of an orgasm induced by G-Spot stimulation.

Within popular culture, the findings of Whipple and Perry were immediately sensationalized. Their research was covered in every periodical from *Omni* to *Hustler* and *Playboy*. Their findings were described as " . . . the most important since the work of Masters and Johnson in the 1960s."[2] If Whipple and Perry had aspirations toward becoming the new "first family" of sexology, however, they were disappointed. The roar of excitement in the popular media was exceeded only by the silence from within sexology. Whipple and Perry had challenged the



dominance of the clitoral paradigm, and the establishment within the profession reacted negatively. At a 1981 conference of sexology professionals, Masters reaserted his conviction that "all orgasms involve direct or indirect stimulation of the clitoris." Other sexologists either ignored the findings or denied their validity. A few took up the challenge to the paradigm and began their own research.

Most of the criticism of the G-Spot research from within sexology charged that it was not scientific, despite the trappings of science surrounding the work. Whipple and Perry had conducted extensive physiological laboratory work on over 400 women. They had devised new techniques, invented new machinery to measure and evaluate, and had, in the Masters and Johnson tradition, filmed a woman ejaculating. The resistance to the G-Spot research seems to stem from several factors. Primarily, the G-Spot data represented an upheaval within the field that many sexologists would rather have avoided. Secondly, some of the critics charge that the G-Spot research is largely of an anecdotal and testimonial nature and not based on biopsy or tissue culture studies. Third, Whipple, Perry and Ladas published a book about the G-Spot in 1982 that was quite different in style than those of orthodox medical sexologists such as Masters and Johnson and Helen Singer Kaplan. Essentially it was a popular book. It even contained a self-help section. It was written for the layperson in simple prose, and was picked up by six book clubs.[3] This style of publishing was an affront to the stringent standards of some sexologists, including noted sex therapist Helen Singer Kaplan, who said about it:

> That's not theory. That's not in the realm of science. There have been claims and hypotheses but no real research. I can't comment unless I have some studies to look at.[4]

Fourth, the research in the G-Spot book emerges in certain respects out of certain traditions of a more humanistic branch of sexology—a link which would discredit its scientific credentials in the eyes of more orthodox, scientific sexologists. Whipple, Perry and Ladas, for example, focus on the importance of strong pelvic muscles in the attainment of sexual health. To this end, they advocate breathing exercises, pelvic exercises, and use of biofeedback techniques. They cite the bioenergetic theory of Alexander Lowen, and the orgastic potency theory of Wilhelm Reich. They criticize the traditional medical approach to weak pelvic muscles which utilizes surgery, drugs or electrical charges, and instead advocate exercise and prevention. In short, they challenge the medical model and its technological methods.

In addition, the G-Spot can only be found through sexual stimulation of the woman. It is only felt with firm and direct stimulation and so sex researchers are in ethically dangerous waters. Since the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists' Code of Ethics prohibits sexual contact between therapist and client, this could be viewed as extending to researcher and subject. Some have solved the problem by having women bring their own partners with them to do the stimulating. Others have had the women sign consent forms agreeing to be stimulated by the researchers. Whether these strategies meet ethical standards is unclear, but it seems likely that the need for direct stimulation in conducting the research has been a mitigating influence in both the discovery of the G-Spot and its professional acceptance.

It seems likely that the G-Spot will ultimately be incorporated into a new paradigm of female orgasm. Some studies have already indicated the presence of a

G-Spot in autopsy findings. Research will undoubtedly continue, and inevitably professional reistance will erode. This will be facilitated by broader ideological pressure. A return to vaginal orgasms would be welcomed as a buttress to patriarchal power structures, especially since the research reports on the G-Spot describe thsi type of orgasm as "deeper" and "less superficial" than clitoral orgasms. The G-Spot research can be the newest scientific P.R. for heterosexual intercourse.

In addition, the G-Spot has captured the public imagination. Although Whipple, Perry and Ladas urge people not to use the G-Spot to construct new sexual standards and ideals, one marriage counselor said of the G-Spot, "It's going to be like the Grail."[5] Undoubtedly, the research information has resonated with some women's experience of vaginal orgasm and ejaculation. Whipple and Perry have received hundreds of letters thanking them for their research. If nothing else, this locates them squarely within the tradition of Kinsey and Masters and Johnson, all of whom received thousands of appreciative letters. It also locates them squarely within the realm of "the experts." As professionals, they can uphold the therapeutic ethos to which sexology adheres, which was summarized by Beverly Whipple, who said, "We are helping people feel they are normal."[6]

Many feminists were skeptical of this newest pronouncement about female sexual behavior. At a sexology conference in 1981, Shere Hite reminded sexologists about the politics of the clitoral orgasm, and then warned about the danger of returning to an expectation that women should reach orgasm vaginally, through intercourse. She also noted the work of the Federation of Feminist Women's Health centers who published *A New View of a Woman's Body*.[7] They redefine the clitoris as a very lengthy structure that runs up the side of the vagina. This concept neatly transforms almost *any* orgasm into a clitoral orgasm. And, after lengthy debate, the Boston Women's Health Book Collective decided not even to include information on the G-Spot in the recently published third edition of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*.[8] Instead, they ran a section entitled "Who defines Orgasm? The Politics of the Great Orgasm Debate," which explains the politics involved in sex research and advises women to focus on their own experience and to ignore dictates from the "experts."

No one has asked me recently if I believe in the G-Spot, and since my research has been completed for a year, I hadn't given the Spot much thought. It seemed that, at least on the popular level, it had gone the route of the hula-hoop. Then I saw a recent issue of *On Our Backs*, where "Miserable in Miami" wrote in asking how to find her G-Spot. I groaned. Lesbians are looking for theirs, too, I thought. Oh well, it's to be expected. But what bothers me most is that the letter writer was not "Curious in Miami" or "Adventurous in Miami" but *miserable*! Our vulnerability to feeling inadequate and ashamed about sex opens the door to this kind of unhappiness, which can be induced and then exploited by sex experts. If we return to our own experience, in the feminist traditions of consciousness raising and self-help, we can increase both our information about and our enjoyment of sex, without the assistance of experts like Beverly Whipple who would like to help us feel "normal."

So, I've come full-circle, and am still a G-Spot agnostic, although I have occasional revelations. Once, in the midst of some fairly vigorous sex, I suddenly noticed a steady stream of liquid hitting the hand I had inside my partner's vagina. This was way beyond copious lubrication. She was definitely squirting on my hand. Eureka! The empiricist in me took note: if this was ejaculation, could the G-Spot be far behind? Let's see, was my fist in an A-frame or a tent? The architectural nuances eluded me. But wait, it was suddenly clear that although she ejaculated, she hadn't come yet. What could this mean? Maybe I should aim for the G-Spot, I thought. Now, where is it? Why didn't I read that section of the book more carefully? Dimly, I recalled ". . . along the suburethral surface of the anterior vaginal wall." Terrific, what does that mean? Then I remembered the clock analogy—it's supposed to be somewhere between 11:00 and 1:00 on the vaginal wall. But wait, my lover is on her stomach. So is it 11:00-1:00 or 5:00-7:00? What direction am I going in? I was getting spatially disoriented, not to mention out of rhythm and less turned on. Eventually I decided to abandon goal-oriented sex in favor of unquantifiable pleasure, and I plunged back in enthusiastically.

As lesbians, I think the most interesting discussions about the G-Spot entail not whether this alleged millimeter of tissue exists, but how we feel about the process of finding and stimulating it. Penetration, whether by fingers, dildos, penises or cucumbers, is a socio-sexual act subject to a myriad of cultural, political and personal influences, all of which may change over time. I remember countless speaking engagements in the early 70s where, along with other "myths" we tried to debunk about gay people, we would blithely announce that lesbians did *not* use dildos and that most lesbians we knew hadn't even seen one. Twelve years later, that memory evokes a chuckle from me. In fact, however, what we were doing was actually microcosmic of much of lesbian/feminism of the early 70s. We were disassociating ourselves from "bulldagger" stereotypes, burying our sexuality in the "lesbianism is a lifestyle" line. It was a misguided attempt to convince the world that we were just like "regular folks"—before many of us realized that one reason we loved being dykes was precisely because we were so *unlike* "regular folks."

For many lesbians, penetration was an unacceptable sexual practice that represented the vestiges of heterosexual identification. It was sexual behavior that was frowned upon in the emerging definitions of politically correct sex. Undoubtedly, many lesbians are still of this opinion, although the range of our discussions (and probably practice) of sex has widened considerably.

It's never easy to separate the threads of political, social and cultural meanings associated with particular sexual acts. With the addition of our unique personal histories, it's a labyrinthine task to understand what a particular woman means when she says she likes or dislikes a certain sexual behavior. I've wondered about the relationship between the G-Spot and penetration and/or fisting. Do women enjoy vaginal fisting because it stimulates the G-Spot? Maybe. Do only those women with G-Spots enjoy fisting? I doubt it. Can "discovering" one's G-Spot endear (addict or predispose) one to fisting? Possibly. If G-Spot orgasms are "vaginal" orgasms, are all vaginal orgasms G-Spot induced? Does anyone care?

The fact remains that the G-Spot can't be "found" without penetration, and, I might add, it must go beyond polite penetration into some fairly vigorous exploration. If a widespread lesbian quest for G-Spots succeeded in widening the parameters of sexual discussion and practice without engendering a new sexual tyranny, I could be persuaded to give up my scorn for the Spot.

Parts of this article are excerpted from Janice Irvine's forthcoming book Disorders of Desire: The Professionalization of American Sexology.

[1]Anne Koedt, "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" in *Radical Feminism*, edited by Anne Koedt, Ellen Levine and Anita Rapone (New York: Quadrangle, 1973), pp. 198-207.

[2]Alan Abbey, "Researchers Make Discoveries About Women and Sex," *Burlington Free Press*, Jan. 7, 1981.

[3]*The G-Spot and Other Recent Discoveries About Human Sexuality*, edited by Alice Ladas, John Perry and Beverly Whipple (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1982).

[4]Helen Singer Kaplan, personal conversation, Oct. 20, 1983.

[5]"In Search of a Perfect 6," *Time*, Sept. 10, 1982.

[6]Abbey.

[7]Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers, *A New View of a Woman's Body*, (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1981).

[8]Boston Women's Health Book Collective, *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, third edition, (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1984).

Drag King

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me the previous week when I was a normal dyke having a beer suddenly shot me a revolted glare. Peggy had to run out to the car and I was left alone on a barstool—on my own turf—but ignored by the rest of the dykes. So close and yet so far. Even my unthreatening faggot appearance didn't help. I nodded and smiled at whoever would glance my way, but to no avail.

Attending the Hooker's Ball was another matter. I felt completely at home in my male costume among Boston's most wonderfully bizarre people. Actually, a dyke in drag was mild compared to the outrageous antics going on until 2:00 a.m. I especially loved the excitement of shaking the hands of friends who thought they didn't know me from a hole in the wall—watching their eyes light up with disbelief, recognition, and delight.

Slipping into the historic drag queen bar, Jacques, in Bay Village, past rows of queens smiling knowingly, gave me an inkling of what it was like to be a serious queen or butch back in the "dark ages." These were the people who stood up for gay rights long ago! I am deeply indebted to them for being able to play around at genderfuck.

You learn a lot about yourself, as well as about artifical gender roles, by playing with drag. Try it—but there are cetain requirements if you want to become a successful Drag King. It helps to be on the tall side (minimum 5'6"), thin but muscular, no tits or hips. If you don't have the body type, you probably have to forget it. Large hands help, or wear gloves. Wear a hat, glasses, and *quality* facial hair. Wear a tough looking jacket. Either have a convincing voice or don't talk. Above all, you must have more guts than brains.

Brent's

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to come in my mouth. She rocks faster and sets up a rhythm for the whole bed, which translates into thrusts in my ass and sucking on my clit.

I feel a burning heat deep inside and Betty's moaning is getting louder. I can't tell her screaming from my own orgasm as I try to raise myself up to stay with her cunt, but keep my ass in position for Diane's fingers. Somebody comes and then somebody else comes, and there is sweat and cunt juice and spit all over three tangled women. I gasp as Betty falls off to one side, and Diane slips her fingers out of my ass. Diane giggles softly.

"Happy Birthday, Cecile."

#1

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her shoulder, parting the raincoat further as she did so. One of her fingers caressed the top of her breast. Suddenly her shape became a blur of steel grey as the train slid into the station. I saw her for a moment in the window before the train pulled away.

The rest of the day at work I wandered about in a fog, obediently answering questions. The itching inside of my thighs became so persistent that during lunch break I went down to the last stall in the rest room and closed my eyes. I lingered over the delicious moment of the feeling of hot flesh against cool fingers finding their way into warm, tight places, first one finger then a second pushing further up into the open space. I thought of her full lips and the blueness of her dress. I began to imagine the half-formed nipple puckering under my willing mouth. The clenching of my inner walls against my fingers reminded me that I must not forget my clit waiting impatiently for some attention. The sting of it. Rolling my hips, the pull and pinch of practiced fingers brought sharp release.

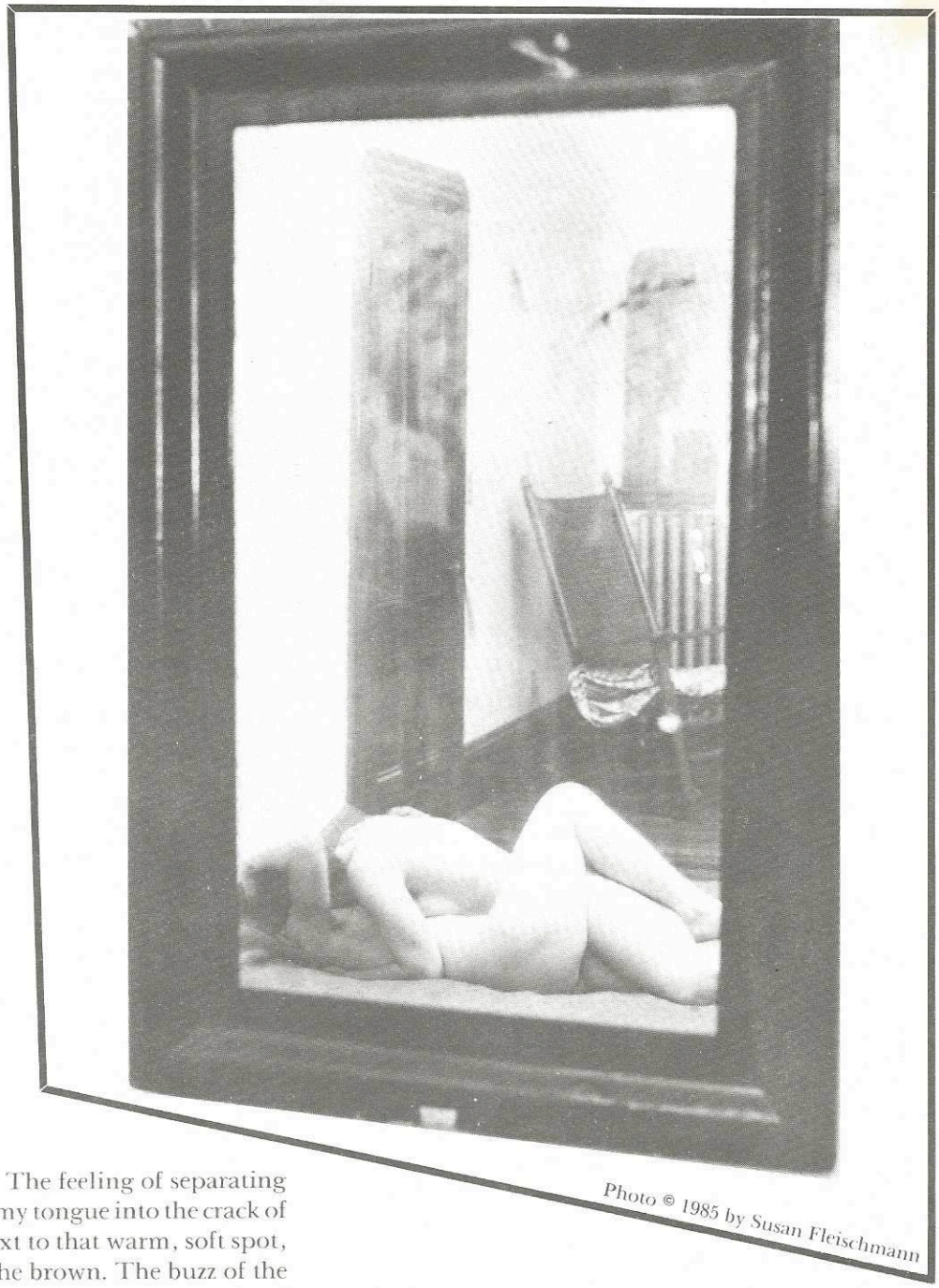
Next morning I paced the platform waiting for her to appear. I noticed little beads of sweat forming on my brow. I could almost smell my cunt. My train passed by. I waited for another. Finally I got on the last one I could take without being late. I remained in a fierce mood for the rest of the day.

The week continued to be an exercise in frustration. By Friday I'd resigned myself to the fact that our meeting was simply a one-time happening. I stepped up into my train, when, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the flash of a raincoat and the line of a leg. But she was on my side of the platform. I stood by the door waiting for the next stop. I dashed down to the next train, pushing myself ahead of the other passengers. I searched every face looking for that neck, that mouth. It was both amusing and annoying to see the businesmen draw themselves up with self importance thinking that perhaps this beautiful black woman was searching *their* eyes out. Sorry boys. I went on to the other cars, one after another. I felt dizzy, weak-kneed and wet. Where was she? Good lord, had it been in my mind? I started to think so, when I reached the final car. Damn, damn, she must have gotten off without my noticing. I felt like crying and closed my eyes against the possibility. It was then that I felt warm breath blowing on my closed lids and I suddenly was afraid to open my eyes. The doors hissed and I watched her step out at Park Street. For a desperate second I thought she wouldn't turn, but she did. She stuck two fingers in her mouth and, drawing them out glistening, she pointed them at me.

The weekend provided hours of ruined sleep and restless hands. I brought myself to painful dripping climaxes just thinking of her. I wondered what her voice sounded like. Would she smell of perfume? I could almost smell something soft and musk-like. It was the first time I'd looked forward to a Monday.

I woke early and took a long soapy bath, the tub filled with scented water. I chose my favorite blouse and left the three top buttons open. My nipples were tight high points that rose in single-minded disobedience. I put on my black teddy with no underwear, letting the silky crotch ride into me. The walk to the subway seemed endless. Finally, I sat on the only unoccupied bench at the very end of the station. I heard her before I dared look up. The clicking of high heels on pavement, the rustle of skirts. My hands lay in a tight fist in my lap. She sat beside me, close. Her scent was softer than I'd imagined; a light fragrance teased my nose. I felt about to faint. She reached down and grabbed my left wrist, drawing it across to her face. I felt her tongue slide across my wrist then up to my palm. One by one she slid my fingers into her mouth, sucking hard, biting the tips. Then I felt her hot breath on my neck just below my ear. Earlobes encircled then enveloped in wetness. I reached up to touch her hair. The softness of it in my hand as I pulled her mouth towards mine. She bit my lip, making me moan out loud. She chewed on my lips, then forced her tongue into my waiting mouth. Her hand found my buttons and with a single movement she unbuttoned the last three. Then she stood up and looked down at me. She removed her glasses and I found myself looking into large brown eyes searching mine for an answer. I weakly nodded. I was pulled to my feet. She closed my coat, leaving my blouse open, and pushed me toward the entrance of the subway. Outside the sunshine was bright and startling. We passed streets that I recognized but couldn't remember. Finally we came to an apartment building with crumbling steps. She removed keys, opened the front door and led me into a dark hallway. She turned me towards her, wrapping both arms around me, pulling me into her. Hands under my dress found me drenched. I heard a low growl from my stranger, and right there in the hallway she dropped to her knees pulling up my skirt, burying her face in my cunt. No tongue had ever felt so insistent, driving me into the wall behind me. I ground my hips into those warm lips. Reaching the deep places inside me she sucked hungrily and just on the outside of pain. She licked first quickly then slowly, putting cool air on those hot places. I started to scream, a high sound coming from the back of my throat building to fulled ragged crescendo as I started to shake and come.

The last words she whispered as I sat in a crumbled heap on the floor were, "Be early next Monday."



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#2

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those full, brown thighs. The feeling of separating those cheeks and sinking my tongue into the crack of her ass. My hot breath next to that warm, soft spot, the pink plunging into the brown. The buzz of the intercom interrupts, a whining voice tells me that I have to be on a 6:00 flight to the west coast tomorrow.

Three thousand miles between us makes no difference. I dream of her. I want to bite, to suck, to feel the strain of fabric against our skins. I want her to come again and again. I can almost taste the salty sweetness of her dripping into my waiting mouth. I want to rip every single piece of clothing from her body to hear the singing of cloth ripped from flesh. I don't touch myself. I can almost come just thinking of her. The flight home is tedious. I need release but I must wait. The wait makes me hot and irritable.

I'm standing on the platform in a daze. She isn't here. I ride the trains back and forth searching for her, but she is nowhere. I wait in the last car and finally I see her. She does not see me and, oh, she looks so upset—the week has been too much for her. There is a strain in her face. She is more beautiful than I remember, with closed eyes and the strong column of her neck flowing into the clear line of her jaw. It is all to much. I simply blow a cool breath down to her closed lids. A promise. As the doors close I put my fingers to my mouth, feeling the fingers that I wish were hers, and point them at her. Our eyes meet and I start to come as the train rolls away.

I go to the bar, trying to dance the swelling out of me. The music starts to pulse into my ears. I pretend that its the hissing intake of her breath as I suck on her taut, brown nipples, feeling them rise in my mouth. Then the rhythm changes and I'm tracing the outline of her cunt's outer lips with my smallest finger. She shivers against me. I'm in a world with just the two of us.

Lesbian Sexual Problems

By Carolyn Stack

As lesbians begin to declare openly that sex is a priority in their lives, I have anticipated changes in the kind of sexual issues brought into therapy. However, I find that lesbians tend still to be reticent to talk about their desires, what they do sexually, or problems that they encounter. Individual women or lesbian couples seldom define sex as a problem in initial therapy sessions even when they are deeply dissatisfied with their sexual lives. Embarrassment, denial and mythology that sex isn't all that important, keep us silent. My wish in writing this essay is to add to voices in our community that encourage women to explore, to talk about, and to live erotic lives.

Statistics tell us that lesbians as a group have sex less often than gay men, straight men or straight women. It is common for lesbian couples to be together for years without sexual contact or with very infrequent sexual contact. A commonly held belief in our community is that sex, in any relationship, inevitably dies with the passing of the initial erotic bloom. Individual lesbians may spend years without partners and without sex. Many women haven't experienced orgasm or are unsure whether they have or not. Shrouded in shame and denial these issues are seldom talked about.

In recent years as women have begun to take their erotic lives more seriously and to experiment more, I hear some problems in my practice as a therapist that I didn't hear a few years ago. In the past, if a couple complained of "different sexual needs" they probably meant that one person wanted to have sex more than the other. Now it's just as likely to mean that one woman wants to experiment with s/m and the other doesn't. Nonetheless, it is still problems of inhibition and repression that I see at the root of most lesbian sexual problems.

Traditional psychiatry as well as some non-traditional therapy automatically name some sexual practices as deviant: fetishism, pornography, sado-masochism, water sports. I believe that this labeling is destructive and that we can benefit more from thinking of these activities as solutions to our erotic atrophy rather than as problems. The exception, of course, is any kind of sex that is compulsive to the point of adversely interfering in a person's life. A woman who doesn't leave her house to go to work or maintain relationships because she's at home reading pornography has a problem. My experience, however, tells me that this kind of compulsive sexuality is rare amongst lesbians.

Given our history of repression as women and as lesbians, it makes sense that we are still burdened with enormous sexual repression and guilt. Generations of girls growing up without images of sexy, capable women will not automatically embrace an easy eroticism. Lesbians growing up without images of dykes holding hands and kissing come into adulthood without accepted sexual patterns around which to dream and fantasize and freely develop their own sexuality. Fortunately, it's not too late to reverse this erotophobia.

Lesbians need to learn that sex is about pleasure. We need permission to open our imaginations to erotic desire and we need permission to enact our desires for the sake of consensual pleasure. We need to learn to accept pleasure without destructive censorship that tells us that all sex is bad or the voice of feminism telling us that it's not OK to use pornography or dildos or to fantasize about cocks or force.

Aside from lifetimes of denial, repression, misogyny, and homophobia, what are some of the other factors that inhibit lesbians' sexuality? Individual traumatic experiences such as rape or incest often, but not always, leave a woman frightened or phobic about sex. Other less obvious forms of sexual abuse such as criticism of sexual performance or physique from a partner may increase shame and fear. Sexual humiliation, coercion, or judgment from previous or current male and female partners deeply affects the erotic spontaneity of many lesbians. These experiences, like rape and incest, are often not talked about, but are buried in shame and guilt.

Some women shut down sexually in order to control feelings that are frightening or overwhelming. Sex may arouse powerful and unwanted feelings of desire, dependency, the longing to be taken care of, frustrated love, grief, rage, etc. Lesbian couples often settle into familiar and comfortable places, sacrificing sex for an illusory kind of safety. Unresolved conflicts, anger, or, sometimes, the unacknowledged decision to separate are buried along with sex. Abstinence is often the method by which lesbian couples maintain a safe distance/closeness ratio. Sex easily becomes the grab-bag for all our conflicts and neuroses. Grief from loss of a prior relationship may be warded off by not having sex, as well as the fear of becoming dependent on a partner, or the rage at parental abuse. These issues need to be recognized and resolved within the context that they genuinely belong in. A loss may need to be mourned, a poor self image exposed, depression faced, anger at one's partner expressed and dealt with. Whether we do this exploration within a therapeutic context or not, it is still a long and often complicated process. Most of us are not able to be fully conscious of these kinds of

Who Me?

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conflicts at all times or able to move through them swiftly once we recognize them. For this reason I believe that it's important for women to learn to disentangle their emotional lives from their sexuality more than we characteristically do. Then it becomes possible to have good sex even if the fight from the night before hasn't been fully resolved or the chronic depression lifted. The struggle for sexual liberation in our community, evidenced by the recent publication of lesbian sex magazines and the controversies around pornography and sadomasochism, is one way that we are beginning to disentangle sex/love bonds and to name our eroticism.

Inability to reach orgasm and other forms of sexual impairment may have physiological bases but this is rare in relatively healthy women. The pre-orgasmic woman may be afraid of loss of control or of the intensity of her own feelings or, more simply she may, through lack of experimentation, not have had the right kind of stimulation. Traditional sex therapy techniques can be helpful because they give permission to experiment and to devote time to sex. They emphasize pleasure in the moment over the goal of orgasm.

A creative sexuality, like any creative form, need not be bound to any particular or pre-conceived style. The imagination is infinite in its ability to play. When we think of sex as creative pleasure the sexual arena becomes our theater. Difficult feelings can be brought on stage without stopping the play. Fear and judgment need discussion, but they can also be eroticized. A woman afraid of losing control when she comes can name and embrace that feeling by speaking it in the erotic context, "You make me lose control," she can whisper to her partner. Or she can cry out, "I won't give in to you." Her partner can respond to the fantasy of fear ("I'll catch you when you fall"), or to the fantasy of angry resistance ("I'll make you give in!"). If the lovers continue this within the dramatic context, the demons of the sexual underworld can be met and played with. They no longer hold the same power to interfere in spontaneous lovemaking.

Some women fear that the dramatization of sex, especially the dramatization of power roles, is destructive and leads to abuse. I believe that women already living limited sexual lives as a result of fear and abuse need, at this time, not further restriction, but exploration and expression of our sexual imaginations. We need to trust ourselves and our lovers to be safety conscious, and to find and respect our own boundaries.

If you recognize some of your own censoring voices here, take the time to ask yourself, "Where am I dissatisfied sexually and what can I do about it?" Ask the question within the context of a belief that sexual communication and pleasure are important. You may chose to play more, to read pornography, or to write your own, to buy or make sex toys, to enact a sexual drama, or you may choose to work through your sexual issues with a therapist. If you do the latter, make sure that she or he is on the side of your permission-giving voices, and not on the side of your restrictive ones. Take the time to listen to your imagination. It can lead you in many creative and pleasure-giving directions.

Lunch Break

By JoJo

What I like about Talia is that she knows what she wants. And what she wants usually has something to do with me.

Take today for example. A normal day at the office. No, a particularly boring morning. There I am, up to my ears in computer printout, wondering how the simplest program can attract the most sophisticated bugs, when she pops her head round and I see her green eyes twinkling.

"Lunchtime, sweetie," a suggestive pause, and, "time for new tricks."

Well, it turns out that Talia's signed us up for aerobics classes. Six weeks worth. By us, I mean me and Talia and Kit and Jude, the other two dykes at the bank. (Working at this place does have some fringe benefits.) Kit and Jude can't take their lunch break just yet, and Talia doesn't like to waste time, so the two of us take off.

Talia brings her car to a halt at the foot of *Dolly Madison: Fitting the Exercise Needs of All Women.* It strikes me that my sensible heels are not particularly sensible for this occasion.

"Change of clothes?" Talia reads my mind. "Oh, I took care of that."

She tosses me a canvas bag. I should have known. Inside the bag new tights and a leotard shimmer. No underpants or bra have been included and I know that's on purpose. I'm willing to play. I strip down completely and, balancing on my right foot, start wriggling into the sky blue tights. They grab me everywhere and I watch them ripple over my muscles. Not bad for a woman in her prime. The baby pink leotard is even smaller, probably a size 5. Actually, I realize, it's not a leotard at all but one of those modern swimsuits that's made for tanning, not for swimming. It's got a neckline that plunges halfway down to the navel and leg-lines that mount halfway up to the waist. The bottom of the suit looks like an elongated V. The tip of the V makes its presence felt as I work my way into the suit. In order to get some of the material to cover my tits I have to do quite a bit of coaxing all around.

I wonder if Talia has been watching my antics through the curtain, because the moment I get the straps adjusted she appears kneeling at my feet holding a pair of white leather aerobic shoes. Running her hand up my leg she smiles. She slips the shoes on me, and leads me away.

The classroom floor is crowded with brightly dressed female bodies and Talia steers me up to the front so it's just me and the mirror. All eyes are on me and mentally I curse Talia. It was bad enough forcing my size 8 body into this size 5 get-up, but I didn't realize in the dressing room that the pink is semi-transparent. I feel like my whole body is blushing. Talia has placed herself in back of me a few paces so she can keep her eyes on me and the teacher at the same time.

"We're All American Girls" is followed by "What's Love Got to Do With It?" and "Private Dancer." At first, every time I bend down I feel the V, as if Talia were grabbing me from behind. Gradual-

ly I relax into the pulls and twists. Soon my body is doing it all: side lunges, karate kicks, hip undulations. By the time we get to "Let's Get Physical," I'm hooked. *"Right leg!"* yells the teacher. I bet the class thinks I've been doing this my whole life. *Change left.* At one point, it's just the teacher and me doing some fancy jazz step with hip twists and half turns. We've left the rest of the class in the dust. Talia hasn't taken her eyes off me since the first song. My sweat has discovered the path between my tits and down to my belly button and beyond.

At the beginning of "She's a Maniac" the teacher shouts for us to lie on our backs, arch up, and pulse our pelvises like, I don't know, like this isn't an invasion of our privacy. It's all I can do to breathe regularly, especially as I can hear Talia behind me, breathing deeper with each thrust. *Open, close, down, up.* Between Talia's unsteady breath and her steady eyes I feel weak-kneed. I think of her on top of me, daring me to thrust my hips into hers, ordering me to open my knees. My cunt starts to expand and contract slightly, and it takes a lot of effort to keep my body perched as we're being directed. The teacher uses the next song to bring us to a sitting position but my relief is not total. There's the damn mirror broadcasting the fact that my sweat has aggravated the transparency problem. I can smell myself sweet and hot, radiating from the V on out. I know from Talia's eyes that she smells it too: she has on her "you dirty little tart" look. I wish I could melt into her arms as we descend into some slow numbers.

I feel a soft hand on my neck, warm against my now-cold sweat. It's the teacher. *The class is over now.* The room is empty. Talia is nowhere to be found.

In the locker room there's a new towel over my clothes. I take it into the sauna.

The hot wood is soothing. I start to undress myself bit by bit, waiting for Talia to come share in this lovely warmth. As I peel off the dripping suit, cunt smell pervades the whole sauna. But still no Talia. There's a window in the sauna door which looks out onto the gray lockers. I strip off my tights and throw my naked self onto the top plank, towel flung over me.

The door opens a crack. A new smell wafts my way. Talia's mixture of cream rinse and body lotion.

"You've had a shower," I say reproachfully.

"So did you," comes the answer. "You looked fantastic, every inch of you," she coos at me.

I shift under my towel; the edge of it tickles my breasts. My nipples harden, itching for some attention. Talia climbs onto the bench below me and stretches out lazily, her head directly under my toes. I'm getting frustrated. Some people like a long build-up but I find this ridiculous. I consider rolling myself onto her glistening body below, but if Talia isn't in the mood it's no use. Not like me, so easily coaxed. I wait.

"You had the liveliest tits in the place," Talia teases.

My nipples tingle some more and tighten where the towel edge cuts across them. I realize the towel is moving. Slowly it reveals two erect tits, a flat, damp stomach, unruly curls, twitching thighs, strong legs. Talia is standing over it all as if I were her creation.

"Keep your eyes on the window," this imposing woman commands. "You wouldn't want us thrown out on our very first day, would you?"

I want to watch *her*, her light brown fingers as they move towards me. She stops, waiting for obedience. I focus on the chunk of gray locker framed in the window. And it's not her hands after all, but her head of curls, and her mouth, which touches my breasts, tonguing, biting, prying. Slowly she works on my nipples, the pressure mounting, the biting harder. Heat flies out of the air into my chest and out my crotch in quick darts. I start to moan but then remember where I am. I think I see faces at the window. Is it just my paranoid imagination and steamed-up eyes?

"It's Kit and Jude," I cry out, and the light switches on.

I'm relieved it's not some stranger, but I wonder how I can face them, now that they'll know the reality behind Talia's bragging. Talia swivels me towards her, my legs straddling her torso, my ass half-on, half-off the plank. The spectators have a great view. Talia continues on my now very sensitive breasts, ignoring the throbbing lower half of my body. My clit is jealous of all the attention. I'll die if she keeps this up. I'll die if she doesn't.

The girls outside are all eyes as Talia moves off my tits and stands, head poised over my waiting cunt.

"Come up towards me," she demands, her warm hands planting my feet on the plank, one on each side. I refuse.

"But you did it so well in exercise class," she coaxes.

The girls grin. I try to keep myself from wriggling my tits or crying out. This is a challenge Talia can't resist. She drops. Her tongue controls. She barely begins to tease my clit and I come, breasts dancing and entertaining the women at the window. Still, I stifle any sound—my own small victory. Then she plunges her tongue deep into my cunt and out. I gasp. No, that was a shout. Again and again the tongue. Again I shout.

There is applause in the hallway. Kit and Jude open the door and rush in, laughing.

"She just can't resist you, can she," they smirk to Talia, slapping her on the back.

"This is going to be a most invigorating six weeks," says Talia.

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DEAR DIARY

By Lavender Ties

I never wanted to make love to her. Really, I didn't. I never even wanted to touch her. I only wanted to look. To look, and to feel, and to stay living in the dream that affected every aspect of my life during those two years. Sometimes I look back and I remember what it was like . . .

Wed., Feb. 6 Last night I had a long involved dream in which Jean and I were having dinner together. It wasn't exactly sexual. I mean, explicitly sexual, but it was a turn-on. I awoke this morning feeling very turned on and had a difficult time going in to work. I felt so exposed on the subway. Fortunately, I had a lot of desk work and I just locked myself in my office not wanting to relate to anyone. I spent half of the day daydreaming about Jean. It seemed as if she was sitting right there with me in my office.

Mon. Feb. 11 Class tonight was its usual level of distracting, pleasurable excitement. Jean lectured for three hours on women writers of the 1800s, but I don't remember a thing. Lately I've been bringing a tape recorder so that some day when I wake up from this dream I can study the course material, which I seem to keep missing. This is the third course of Jean's I've taken and I have yet to get better than a C+. I just can't seem to concentrate.

Sun. Feb. 24 I am excited all the time now. Of course, I keep craning my neck whenever I see a

green toyota, but it's never the right license plate number. I could swear that I saw Jean today when I went grocery shopping—no, it was just a woman the same height. Jean is absolutely gorgeous! I wonder if anyone else thinks she's so gorgeous. Actually, I'm sure everyone does, it's obvious!

Tues., Mar. 12 This woman has so much power over me. I feel she has the power to destroy me. I've never felt quite so helpless before.

Thur., Mar. 14 Some day I'll look back on all of this and laugh and know why I'm so poorly versed in women's history.

Tues. , Mar. 19 Jean and I leave the classroom together and we get in her green toyota. She drives us to a field surrounded with tall, dark trees. We lie down in the middle of the field and she starts tickling me. It turns into a wrestling match until I pin her down on her back and kiss her slowly on the mouth.

This fantasy has been with me now for days. My fantasy world with Jean expands and contracts daily. Sometimes I almost wonder why I bother fiddling with reality. Why not just exist in my fantasy world all the time?

Mon., Mar. 25 More Jean dreams last night. I am awake, but still in the dreams. I feel as if I spent the whole night with her. My body feels all warm and caressed, touched. Boy, was it hard to get out of bed this morning. Class this afternoon.

Eve. same day I sat in my usual front row seat. Jean was wearing a particularly stunning outfit. She wears those pants and sits up on the desk right in front of me, talking. As I stared at her it seemed she was paying special attention to me. I was almost sure today that she could read my thoughts. She was looking right at me—or was it right through me? Either way, she made me blush for three solid hours.

Fri., Mar. 29 You see, I guess I just can't figure out whether or not it would be worth it to come out to Jean (or to come on to her!). How much is fantasy and how much is dangerous, forbidding reality? I haven't had much luck with reality lately. It's my fantasies that feed me.

Mon. Apr. 8 The good part is that by seeing Jean again today I was able to get my fantasies under control. The fantasies that took off for the cosmos last week during vacation.

Mon. Apr. 15 At times it seems I am barely living my own life at this point, but rather clinging to Jean's life and wanting to know every detail of her existence.

Fri. Apr. 19 Jean called on me in class today and I made an incredible fool of myself. I hadn't been listening to the discussion, as usual, so I had no idea what she was talking about. I couldn't answer the question, I just stuttered a bit and faded into the background in a humiliated state. Somehow I ended up feeling turned on for the rest of class, and for the rest of the day, for that matter.

Sun., Apr. 28 The classroom is empty except for Jean and me. It's vacation week but somehow we both don't know it and show up for class. She starts to teach the class to me even though I'm the only one there. My distraction is so much more intense than usual. I can't hear anything she's saying. I find that I'm simply watching her movements and getting incredibly turned on. She comes over and sits and the desk next to me and asks to go over the homework. I feel immobilized by her presence. I open my mouth but nothing comes out. We are looking into each others' eyes, though, and she understands all that I have been feeling. She puts her hand on my knee and tells me she'll stay with me for a long time.

I never did make love to her. I never even touched her. I obsessed, I dreamed and I fantasized. I took every course that Jean ever offered and my life felt very full and busy during those two years. Just last week I caught myself glancing at a green toyota to see who was driving. Yes, I do still think about Jean occasionally.

On a Business Trip

By Humble Pie

I was traveling on business. One empty hotel room looked like another. I called my mistress/lover Stephanie every night and I missed her more and more as the days rolled by. One night at the end of my second week away from home, I checked the lock on the hotel room door as usual, read for a while, then turned out the light. The room was pitch dark as I fell asleep.

I don't know how long I'd been sleeping when I was awakened by a hand over my mouth and another at my throat. I froze in terror, unable to see my captor, not knowing how many intruders, men or women, were in the room, or if they had weapons. I bit the hand over my mouth.

"Cunt!" a woman's voice said as she jerked her hand away, slapping it hard against the side of my face. "You need to be taught a lesson."

Only one woman spoke to me that way.

Stephanie.

I relaxed into submission, my mind racing with questions and my body, with desire.

"Don't make a sound, bitch," she said, turning on the small bedside lamp.

I reached for her, longing to grab her short blonde hair and pull her down on top of me, but she took my shoulders roughly in her hands and threw me back down on the bed.

"Keep still, bitch," she hissed, unzipping her bag and pulling out familiar black leather restraints and rope. She bound me quickly to the four corners of the bed. I was too stunned with surprise and desire to struggle further.

"Now that you're secure, I want a shower. It's been a long trip to get to you."

Her shower took an eternity. I longed to call out to her, but knew that if I did she'd take even longer. She finally appeared in front of me in leather pants and a black leather vest I hadn't seen before. It was partially unzipped to expose the crevice of her breasts. I was naked on my back, my legs spread wide by the restraints. Stephanie ignored my shame.

"I told the desk clerk," she said, "that you were my sister and she gave me the key to your room. I decided to fly down after our last conversation. You weren't properly submissive to me on the phone and I felt you needed a reminder." She lifted her bag onto the bed and unloaded whips, a blindfold, lubricant, clamps and a knife. "I didn't know how much of a reminder it would take so I brought plenty of equipment. You should have seen me going through baggage x-ray." She selected a pair of clamps from the pile. "I missed you. I missed giving you pain, controlling you," she said, tightening the clamps on my nipples. Remembering her orders for silence, I had trouble not crying out as the instruments tightened on my nipples.

"Very good, but that's just a start," she said, slapping my cheek. I turned my head to avoid the next blow and she grabbd my hair. "Don't turn from me," she said angrily. "You've been away too long." She slapped me repeatedly until I was limp with submission. "Better," she said, tightening the nipple clamps.

Pain and desire seared through my body as I bit my lips, fighting against crying out. I thought of our safe word, "desist," but was grateful not to use it as the pain subsided. Stephanie loosened the clamps a turn and untied my ankle restraints.

"Turn over," she ordered.

I obeyed, simultaneously longing for and fearing anything and everything she would do to me. The whip slapped first lightly against my back and I smiled, relaxing my shoulders. Then the blows came one after another, each crash of the whip harsher than the one before it.

"On your knees, bitch," she hissed in my ear, her hand over my cunt as I pulled myself up on the bed until I was on all fours, I moved my ass against her hand. My cunt was wet and urgently needing her touch. If she didn't touch me soon I thought I'd pass out. She shoved four fingers into my cunt, withdrew them just as suddenly, then plunged all five fingers, her whole fist, into me. This was what I had longed for. She guided my body back down onto the bed facing upward, my hands still bound and she fell onto my cunt, sucking my clitoris with her tongue until I came, then came again.

She was holding the knife at my throat.

"I want the same pleasure."

"Yes, mistress," I whispered as she untied my hands and pulled off her pants and vest.

Her cunt was wet and open as I knew it would be. She enjoyed her dominance over me as much as I did. She came quickly, my tongue lapping at her salty cunt juice, smelling that familiar sex smell. She pulled me on top of her, kissing my face. I kissed her back, my tongue fresh from her cunt reaching deep into her mouth.

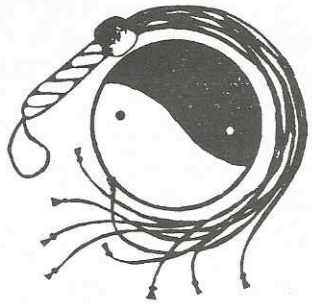
"I've missed you so much," I said.

"Hush, love. We'll talk about it in the morning," she replied, pulling the covers over both of us and turning out the light.

I slept more deeply that night than I had for the entire trip. In the morning, the alarm awakened me at eight. Stephanie was gone. I *couldn't* have dreamed it. It was too real and the smell of our sex still remained. I scrambled into the bathroom. She wasn't there either, but taped to the mirror was a note in her handwriting.

"Bitch. The next time you don't behave well you know what will happen."

I dressed hurriedly for the conference that day knowing that the rest of my business trip would go smoothly. I knew how to summon my Mistress.



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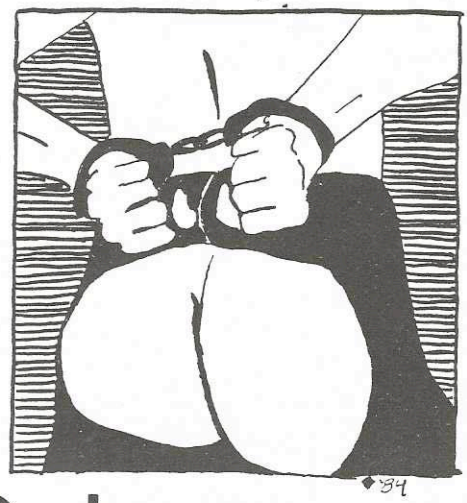

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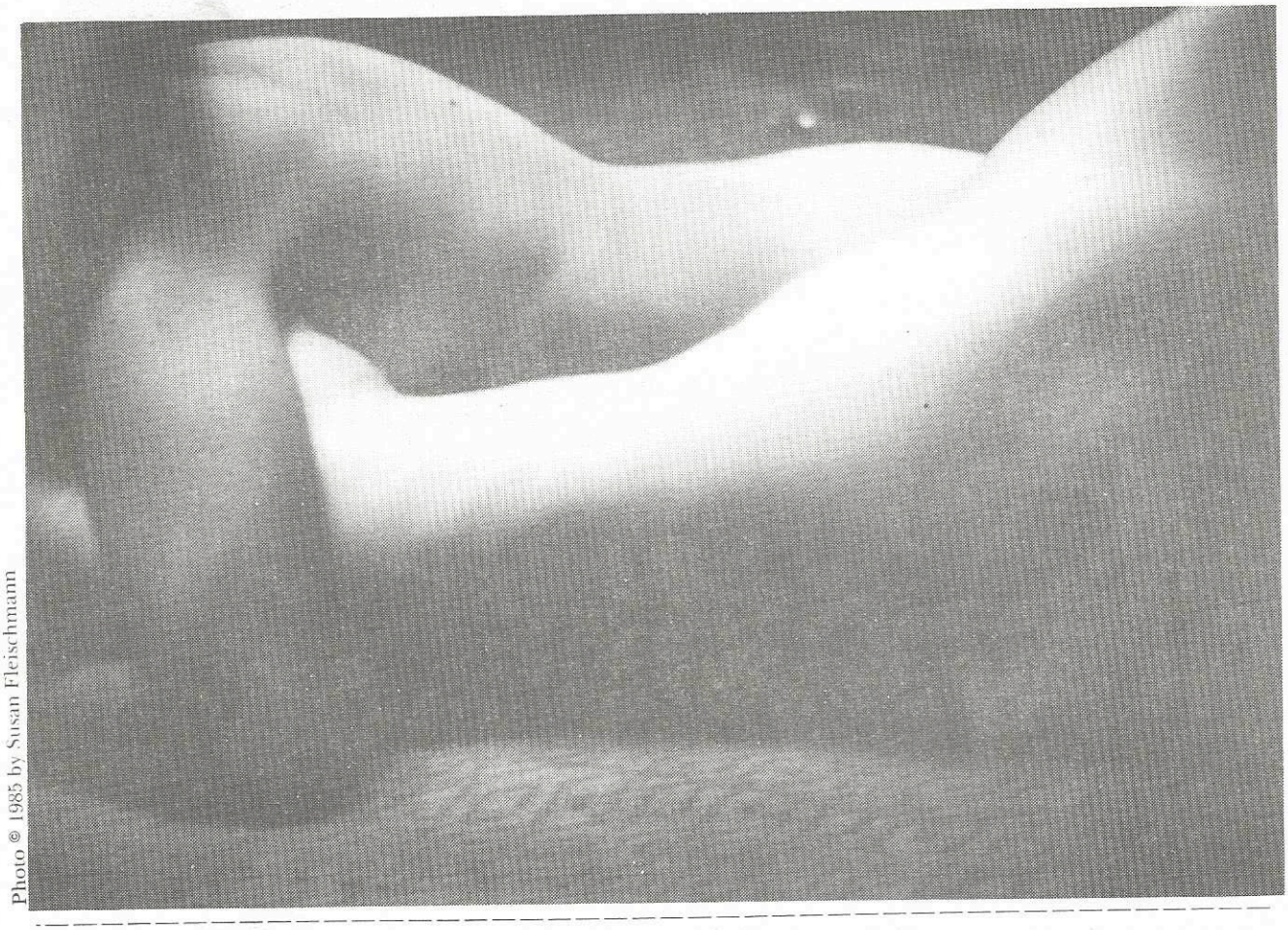

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